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TALENTED VOCALIST

Brief Sketch of the Achievements of a Celebrity Who Now Resides Among Us.

Signora Carolina De Fabritiis (Mrs. Alexander Baron Holmes whose husband has recently purchased a part of Mr. Henry L. Hill's plantation at Cleora) is an Italian by birth though she has spent the greater part of her life in the United States.

Carolina De Fabritiis did her early studying in Boston, a pupil of Charles A. White, the Head of the Voice department of the New England Conservatory, who has the reputation of being the finest voice builder in the East and whose fame as teacher of Helen Keller, having taught her how to modulate her speaking voice and how to sing, has brought his name before the most eminent scientists of this country and of Europe.

She was graduated at an early age from the New England Conservatory, being given the diploma of both Soloist and Teacher, one of the very first to obtain this honor and for two years she was assistant in the Voice department to Mr. White and had charge of the class in Italian language which positions she held until she left Boston to take up teaching in women's colleges.

Her first position was at St. Mary's Female Seminary, St. Mary's City, Maryland, where she was head of the Voice and Piano department. In a personal letter to the president of the Halifax Ladies College, Mrs. Maddox, the principal of St. Mary's writes: "I had better results from Miss De Fabritiis than any teacher in years. She taught vocal and instrumental and was equally successful in both."

From St. Mary's Seminary, Carolina De Fabritiis went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, as head of the Voice department of the Halifax Ladies College and she created for herself a very enviable place in this city which is one of the most musical in Canada and left after three years only because she felt the need of a rest and further study.

Rev. Robert Luing, president of Halifax Ladies College and Conservatory of Music, wrote of her:

"I have had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with Miss De Fabritiis and her work. She is all that could be desired or expected. Her work is of the highest order and her success is never in doubt."

While in Italy Carolina De Fabritiis studied with Raffaello Panzani, one of the best known teachers of French and Italian Songs in Europe.

Signor Panzani was for eight years co-worker with Madame Marchesi of Paris, the famous teacher of singing who recently died, and while in this position and later while in London as director of the Covent Garden Opera House, Panzani coached many of the famous stars in Repertoire. Melba, Sembrich, Calve, De Reske, Sanderson and many others. Signor Panzani was delighted with the progress made by this young Italian girl who had come to study with him from America and he gave her the following letter after her studies were completed, a letter which this young artist cherishes highly. The following is a translation made for this paper.

"Signorina De Fabritiis is the possessor of a sweet, flexible voice and her tone production is faultless. Her knowledge of music and languages make her a well rounded out artist and she excels in interpreting songs of the Old and Modern French and Italian schools. Signorina De Fabritiis knows so well the art of singing that her success as a teacher should be unqualified."

Raffaello Panzani, France, Italy.

On her return from Italy Signorina De Fabritiis did some private teaching in Pittsburgh, Pa. and was closely associated with the famous violinist Luigi Von Kunitz the Concert Meister of the Pittsburgh Orchestra with whom she gave many Recitals during the season.

From Pittsburgh she went to Rockford, Illinois, as Head of the Voice department of the Rockford

Woman's College, the oldest woman's college in the Middle West having the rank of the best colleges in the East. A College that stands for high ideals of womanhood and the attainment of sincere and real scholarship and whose growth, under the inspiring leadership of its present President, Julia H. Gullrin Ph. D., has drawn the eyes of all its Sister Colleges and now with its beautiful new buildings and \$200,000 Endowment it bids fair to become one of the most sought after schools in the country.

It was while at Rockford College that Signorina De Fabritiis won some of her most signal successes. As Head of the Vocal department she soon became known as a teacher of rare insight fine judgment and unflinching results, and under her leadership the department grew rapidly and now ranks as high as any in the country. She was also director of the Rockford College Glee Club, made up of 70 members chosen by her from the entire student body. The Concerts given by the Glee Club under her direction were memorable events and the big Hall of the college in which they were held would be crowded to its utmost capacity on these nights and the enthusiasm of the singing girls under the magnetic baton of their Director awoke an answering enthusiasm in the audience and the success of those nights did much to make the event one of the things to be looked forward to from year to year.

Signorina De Fabritiis took a years leave of absence after two years at Rockford College and returned again to France Italy to study with Signor Panzani and while there she took a lesson a day and prepared several programs of interesting new and old songs which she has been using this past season in Boston. On her return from Italy she returned to Rockford College where she finished another two brilliant years and was married from Rockford College last June.

During the past season Signorina De Fabritiis has had a private class of nice students in Boston and has given many Recitals of Italian Songs which she has done in a manner rarely equaled. In coming to her new Southern home Signorina De Fabritiis does not intend to give up her musical activities, on the other hand she hopes to enlarge her field for she thinks that there are wonderful opportunities for the trained artist in the South, for there are so many people of culture who for reasons of distance from the large Music centers are unable to study or send their daughters to study, who will be glad of this opportunity of having a competent teacher of the finest training that this Country and Europe can give, whose ability as a teacher has been recognized by the leading educators in the Country and whose gifts as an artist the clippings from the papers at the end of this article so well attest.

Signorina De Fabritiis expects to divide her time between Charleston and Edgefield, going to Charleston at the beginning of the Musical Season about the middle of October and returning to Edgefield for the Summer when any students home from College or Boarding School could continue their work with her in either Tone building or coaching in French and Italian Songs.

PRESS NOTICES.

"Carolina De Fabritiis has a voice of fine quality and great flexibility. The most striking characteristics of her singing are her method and her interpretation."—Acadia Recorder, Halifax.

"Carolina De Fabritiis' voice is pure, sweet, and flexible, and she embodies all the qualities of an artist."—Coraopolis Chronicle, Pa.

"The beauty of Signora De Fabritiis' voice was displayed in groups of songs including German, Italian, French and English which were given with the ease and tonal purity which invariably marks her work."—Register Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

"The Recital of Carolina De Fabritiis was a great revelation of the gifts of this young artist. Her program, varied and unusual, awoke increasing admiration from the audience of critics present." (Translation)—Lo Stafile, Florence, Italy.

JOHNSTON LETTER.

Mary Ann Buie Chapter Held Special Meeting. Mr. Eric Hardy Honored. Club Takes Recess.

It is the custom of the Mary Ann Buie chapter to close activities for the summer with a picnic, at which time the veterans and elderly ladies are their guests. June 3, Jefferson Davis' birthday, is the annual date but conditions changed the date to the 18th. So on Thursday the members of the chapter, their families, the veterans with their wives and other invited guests assembled at the country home of one of the members, Mrs. Martha Edwards to enjoy the day. As the weather was inclement the hostess threw open her large and comfortable home, which had been decorated in flags. The interior was so delightful with big roomy chairs, cozy corners and other attractions to be found in country homes that it was not regretted that the rain had sent all inside. Especially alluring to the younger ones was the corner where an inexhaustible supply of iced lemonade stood. The morning hours were passed by the veterans with reminiscing and at 1 o'clock a bountiful picnic dinner was spread upon the long table, and with it was served iced tea and coffee. The thoughtful hostess had baskets of luscious red peaches added to the feast. A program was had in the afternoon and interesting talks were made by Dr. A. T. King, Rev. N. L. Kester and Dr. Stokes. Readings were given by Misses Isabel Bean and Cleve Moyer, and patriotic songs were sung. "When the roll is called" was sung in tribute to the three veterans, J. W. Perry, Wayne Posey and Clifford Williams, who have passed over since the last gathering. The veterans all seemed to enjoy the day and the chapter was delighted that they were able to add this day's pleasure. The chapter is composed of 57 loyal, true hearted, and loving daughters of the cause and during the past years they have bent their best efforts to give pleasure to the thinning ranks of these hero boys in gray. After the program the chapter held a business meeting to which all were invited to remain if they wished. Several of the gentlemen remained as they wanted to see just how ladies conducted a meeting. One point decided upon, was to mark all of the veteran's graves in the rural cemeteries with iron crosses. The election of officers was held and by a ballot vote, the officers were unanimously re-elected. President, Mrs. James White; vice-president, Mrs. M. T. Turner; recording secretary, Miss Zena Payne; corresponding secretary, Miss Clara Sawyer; historian, Mrs. O. D. Black; treasurer, Mrs. J. P. Bean; registrar, Mrs. John Wright; auditor, Mrs. W. L. Coleman.

Mrs. G. P. Perry is spending two weeks in Saluda with her sister, Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. T. M. Willis and Miss Helen Willis are visiting in the family of Mr. John Sawyer.

Mrs. James White visited in Augusta the latter part of the week.

Miss Lizzie White spent Saturday and Sunday here with her aunt, Mrs. Robert Turner. For several years Miss White was superintendent of the city hospital, Augusta, but during the year has given her time to private nursing.

Mrs. P. B. Waters has returned from a visit to Mrs. John Waters at Saluda.

Mrs. Leon Stansell is at home from Montgomery, Ala., where she visited relatives.

Mrs. Brannon has returned after a visit in the home of her father, Mr. J. R. Hart.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart of Sylvania, Ga., were guests of relatives here recently.

Miss Pet LaGrone has gone to Rock Hill to spend awhile with friends.

The last meeting of the New Century Club for the summer months, was held on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. E. R. Mobley, with a full attendance. The chapter was fortunate in having a gavel presented by Mr. Frank Kenny, which he had made at Clemson college.

The study course for next year will be "American authors", this

TRENTON NEWS.

Mrs. Morrall Entertained. Mrs. Wallace Wise Gave Tea. Mr. Day Convalescing.

Mrs. S. A. Morrall entertained the Bridge Club on Tuesday afternoon of last week. Besides the regular number there were present a trio of charming Edgefield girls; Misses Ruth Timmerman, Madge and Maymie Mays. The afternoon was most delightfully spent and at the conclusion of the game Mrs. Morrall served a delicious salad course.

Trenton's social calendar is filled for this week; beginning with Monday evening Mrs. Wallace Wise will give a tea in compliment to Mrs. J. W. White of Louisville, Ga. On Tuesday from four till six, Mrs. C. A. and Mrs. C. R. Swearingin will give a miscellaneous shower to a North Augusta bride elect, Miss Cooper who is visiting here. On Wednesday afternoon Miss Marjorie Ryan will be hostess for the "young girls" card club of which she is president. On Thursday Miss Maude Alma Bettis will entertain her card club. On Friday Mrs. Frank Miller and Mrs. Bettis Canteloni will be joint hostesses for the D. A. R., and on Saturday afternoon Mrs. L. D. Crouch will give an Anecdote party for Mrs. White. Who can have any misgivings about the gay and festive time the Trentonites are enjoying?

Mrs. Sallie Brooks Mosely and Mrs. P. B. Mayson were guests of Mrs. Walter Wise on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond Roper and their lovely young daughter from Lancaster are visiting relatives here.

W. W. Miller and little Dorothy spent Monday with Mrs. Miller's mother in Batesburg.

Mrs. J. D. Mathis and Mrs. Walter Wise spent Wednesday of this week with Mrs. Sallie Brooks Mosely of Edgefield.

It will be a source of pleasure to the friends of A. J. Day to know that he is convalescent.

Trenton, S. C.

being under consideration with mythology. The officers for the next year were elected and were as follows: President, Mrs. W. F. Scott; vice president, Mrs. James Strother; Recording secretary, Mrs. H. D. Grant; corresponding secretary, Miss Zena Payne; treasurer, Mrs. E. R. Mobley; critic, Miss Clara Sawyer, librarian; Mrs. P. B. Waters, J. A. "Shakespeare quotation contest" was held, and Mrs. James Strother remembering the greatest number, was given a leather bound book of quotations. Ices and cake in the club colors, green and white were served, and fruit nectar was served in the hallway by Mrs. James Cullum and Miss Virginia Harrison.

Mrs. John Mobley who was operated on in the city hospital, Columbia, is much improved.

Prof. Eric Hardy has been elected president of the Lexington college, Mo., and he and his family left during the past week, so that he might be in close touch with, and look after the interests of the college during the summer months.

Mrs. Taylor Goodwyn and Mrs. Leroy Wertz were visitors at the home of Mr. O. S. Wertz the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Coleman have returned from Hot Springs, Ark., where they have been for the past six weeks for the benefit of the latter. Their many friends are delighted to see their faces again and to know that Mrs. Coleman is improved.

The dry and hot weather has made no decrease in the church attendance of the town. The Sunday school of the Baptist church is at a very progressive period, there being 222 present on Sunday morning. The collections are splendid and every one enjoys the hour of singing and Bible study. The orchestra adds greatly to the music.

Good-Bye Goods.

The dry goods and shoe stores have clearance sales to get rid of what will probably become lame stock. It is a good thing to have these sales. This is what you put on

your body. Don't you grocery merchants think that it would be a great help to business and customers to dump some of your stock in the trash pile and sell some at reduced rates without a guarantee? This is what you put in the stomach! It is serious business, for the sake of saving a few pennies, to sell some of the stuff that goes out of some stores into some of the stomachs of people. Some stores have candies, can goods, and other articles old enough almost to vote in the coming election. To sell this stuff to an ignoramus is not honest, it is not fair, it is not genteel, it is not treating your fellow man according to the golden rule. It is a crusher to your business. It matters not how fair you might be, if you let pass over your counter a can of impure or defective goods, it not only cripples your business for life, but sometimes results in poison and the innocent victim is the subject of a careless merchant. People do not forgive such things readily. The same holds good with respect to drugs, confectionary, etc. If salt can lose its savor certainly drugs can do the same under certain conditions. Upon thousands of merchants' tombs might be inscribed, "He died to save a penny." It means death to business and death to people. We mean nothing personal by this timely suggestion, but we do mean business! Remember that the Golden Rule will fit any sphere of life. And the substance of the golden rule is, treat other people as you would like them to treat you. There is such a thing as criminal carelessness, which in some countries is punished by death. All of us need a good scrubbing at times. And the scrubber is the best friend we have. So let us make a clean sweep!

The Merchant-Friend.

Reasons for Silos.

The change that will inevitably take place in our system of farming with the coming of the boll weevil demands that we give attention to the best manner of not alone growing forage for stock, but how to save it. Below we give nine reasons why they should:

1. By means of the silo more of the food value of forage can be saved than any other method of preservation now in use.

2. The silo affords the means of keeping, in small compass, a large quantity of forage safe from the weather and in convenient form to feed.

3. Forage placed in the silo keeps at a uniform quality; whereas field cured forage constantly deteriorates.

4. Considering the food value saved, the silo affords the cheapest means for forage preservation.

5. Because of the palatability and succulence, silage possesses higher feeding value than does the same forage dry cured. Conservative feeders estimate that the silo doubles the value of the forage crop.

6. Not only corn, but Kaffir corn, Milo maize, and sorghum are adapted for use in the silo. All these crops have been successfully siloed.

7. Silage can be used in summer and fall as a substitute for and to supplement pasture.

8. It has been conclusively proven that the silo effects a considerable saving in the cost of production of beef and milk.

The silo enables the farmer to keep more live stock, which promises the rotation of crops and the preservation of the soil fertility.

Wiregrass Farmer, Astoria, Ga.

To-Day.

To be alive in such an age!
To live to it!
To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need,
And what thy woe, and what thy weal;
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—
Crave but to have in it a part
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage
To be alive in such an age!

—Selected.

WHITE TOWN NEWS.

Heavy Rain Has Fallen. Cotton Crop Fine. Sad Death of Mrs. George S. Cartledge.

Dear Mr. Editor: As I have not seen a letter from our town in such a long while I will try to give you a few dots.

After such a long drought, on the 10th of this month we had the heaviest rainfall we have ever had, and we were certainly glad to see it. Since the rain grass is coming in a hurry. I guess the farmers will have to hurry to keep it away from their crops.

The farmers are very busy planting corn this week. In this section they have fine cotton crops. As I was looking across the farm to-day I saw several cotton blooms.

Well, Mr. Editor, White Town has been well blessed with the measles this spring. Some of our good friends went in their dens to keep from having it. I will tell them they can come out again to get sunshine and enjoy the refreshing showers of rain we are getting now.

Many hearts were saddened when the news reached them on Monday last Mrs. G. S. Cartledge was dead. She had been in the hospital for several months. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy for the entire family.

Wishing The Advertiser a good year.
A Friend.

Then 1862 Came.

Mr. Editor: Some two months ago I wrote up this article and handed it to Dr. Mitchell to give you but he said he lost it. I guess he slipped it in his left hand Sunday school coat pocket. Yes, 1862 came and with it a new phase of the war.

Sweat, dust and blood had replaced the music and wreaths of roses. Faces were not so ruddy; they began to look war-worn. The round cheeks had become gaunt; the bright uniforms were battle-soiled, smoke had stained them, the hiv-oune dimmed them, the sun had changed the blue-gray to a sort of scorched yellow. Waving handkerchiefs still greeted the troops as they greeted them to the end of the war, but few flowers were thrown now, their good angels looked on in silence and prayed for them. They were no longer holiday soldiers, but hardened in battle. They knew the work before them, and advanced to it with measured tramps of veterans. They fought as well as ever soldiers did in all the world. Did they not? Answer, "Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Chancellorsville. In the lowlands and the mountains in Virginia and Maryland they bore aloft the banner of the south in stalwart hands, and carried it forward with unshrinking hearts to that baptism of blood awaiting it. That was the great year for the south. The hour was dark, a huge foe confronted us, but wherever that foe was met he seemed to kneel before the mailed hand that buffeted his front. All frillery and vication had long been stripped from the army. The fringes of war, real war, had torn off the gaudy trappings, and the grim lips had muttered, "What I want is hard muscle and a brave heart, not tinsel." The banels were seldom heard. The musicians were tending the wounded, the drums had ceased their jovial rattle, and were chiefly used in the "long roll," which said, "Get ready boys, they are coming." So in the midst of smoke and dust and blood, with yells of triumph or groans of agony, in the place of the gray cheering, passed that year of battles, 1862. The south was no longer romantic and elated on the subject of the war, the soldiers no longer looked out for adventures, or for the glorious cannon ball to carry off their heads and make their names immortal. At home the old men were arming and the women sending words of cheer to their husbands and sons and praying; in the camps the old soldiers had forgotten the wreaths of roses, and their haverlocks were worn out, and they no longer minded the sun. Gray flannel had replaced the fancy shirt bosoms, they carried tobacco in their pockets, the faces once ruddy, were now gaunt and stained with powder, smoke and blood.

J. Russell Wright.